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JUST OUR LUCK!

MARY AND HER SON.

— BY —



F. HARRIS CLAFLIN.

IS N'T HE A DARLING?

Mary and Her Son.

MARY AND HER SON,

Or, GOING ABROAD.

A FARCE-COMEDY.

BY

F. HARRIS CLAFLIN.

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PREFACE.

One of the greatest ideas in the minds of some people, is the prejudice against all classes of theatrical entertainments. The plan of this play is to show how foolish and absurd this idea really is, and is aptly illustrated in a serio-comic manner by the eventful life of an Actress, who, like many others, first meets opposition in her own home. See Story on next page.

CHARACTERS.

THREE ACTS.

ACT I.—The Gem.

ACT II.—Mary's Headquarters in Boston. The Engagement.

ACT III.—London Captured.

Five years are supposed to elapse between the first and second acts.

STORY.

The Anderson's are very fortunate in the possession of a charming daughter, though she is a great annoyance to them, simply because she "loves the theatre." They have established a summer resort called the Gem, and are quite successful. Among the new comers are Mr. and Mrs. CHICK, who are as troublesome as the average customers. Soon an Actor and Actress arrive, and then Mary's cup of joy is full. The pleasures and bright prospects found in the dramatic profession are by them painted in very bright colors, and she is more than ever determined to be one of their number, much to the discomfort of her parents. The second act shows what success she achieved after five years of hard work. The SON arrives, and an engagement is made for an European debut. Her success in London is wonderful, and its effect upon society is illustrated by two of "Those Splendid Englishmen" and others, while an accidental meeting with "papa and mama," their good wishes, and a new claimant for the SON, makes a fitting *finale*.

—* Mary and Her Son. —*

—*—

PROLOGUE.

Here is instituted a Burlesque upon the old idea of a Prologue before the opening of the play proper. Two ladies, dressed in quite ancient costumes (or tights, etc.) appear before drop curtain and speak alternately the following lines, which in the main explains the plot, and gets the audience in a proper mood for the play.

1st.—A man and wife, a goodly pair,

2d.—Had a darling daughter, who was nothing but fair.

They loved her much, they loved her long,

And were determined she should be kept from wrong.

In their minds a great stigma was upon her,

For she would love the theatre.

And often declared she'd become an actress some day,

Though she had never witnessed a decent play.

Her parents a summer resort did keep,

Which was not very "tony," though far from cheap.

To this hotel an actor and actress came,

Who were, as yet, not known in fame.

They imbued this girl with "lofty" ideas about their profession,

And soon offered her a "fine position."



From this little incident a long and bright career did commence,

Which, as usual, gave papa and mama much offense.

But we will show you to-night,

Why this little girl in her actions was quite right.

So look and listen, and you shall see

How it is explained in our repartee.

(*Exit.*)

ACT I.

—*—

THE GEM. *SCENE, Dining Room and Office. Box Set. Table in centre, partly filled with dishes. One door at back, centre; one at left, and another at right. Window at right of back door. Old-fashioned chest of drawers. For Costumes, etc., see Notes at end of book.*

ENTER MRS. ANDERSON.

MRS. A.—The season has fairly commenced, and we are in good luck. There is some chance now of my having a new dress. Those Chicks are such splendid people; hope we will have more like them. (*arranges room.*)

ENTER MR. A.

A.—Isabel! what are we going to do about it? Isabel! Isabel! (*stamps his foot*)

MRS. A. (*jumps back*)—What, you old calf, you, don't you know better than to make such a noise? Mrs. Chick is trying to sleep!

A.—I don't care anything about Mrs. Chick! I want to know what we are going to do about it!

MRS. A.—Well, I don't know; she will persist. Mary is a good girl, but this trash about the theatre will ruin her.

A.—Who said a word about Mary? Give her a rest for this once; but this is a matter of more importance! What shall we do about it?

MRS. A.—Oh, dear, about what?

The window is suddenly lifted by Mr. Chick.

C.—Where is Mr. Anderson?

A.—I am here, sir.

C.—Please come out here at once!

MRS. A.—What is the matter?

C.—In some very mysterious manner, the cover of your sink drain gave in just as I was near it, and I have ruined my best pair of pants, besides loosing my cane. What are you going to do about it?

A.—Take it out of the bill, Mr. Chick.

C.—That is clever ; but will you come and help me find my cane?

A.—I have dug in that sink drain before, sir, and, besides, your cane has been swept away by the current ere this.

C.—That is very tart, Mr. Anderson ; but where does the current empty?

A.—A little south of the old barn, into a barrel.

C.—Thank you ; I will look for it there. (*closes window, and Mrs. A. hastens to open it.*)

MRS. A. (*calls*)—Don't fall into the barrel, Mr. Chick. (*closes window*)

A.—As I was going to remark, what shall we do about the new applicants?

MRS. A.—What about them?

A.—I have a letter here, which is quite conclusive. (*opens letter*)

MRS. A.—What do they say?

A. (*reads*)—Your terms are favorable, and, considering everything, we will come in a few days.

MRS. A.—Didn't they sign their names?

A.—Oh, yes. (*reads*) Yours truly, William Jameson. P. S. My cousin, Miss Margaret Mason, will accompany me.

MRS. A.—Well, that is all right, the more the better.

A.—Look at the printing on the top of the paper. (*hands it to her*)

MRS. A.—Lyceum School of Acting ! That is enough ; quite enough. Write them they are not wanted. Mary hears enough about actors and actresses, without actually seeing them.

ENTER MRS. CHICK.

MRS. C.—Have you seen my husband ?

MRS. A.—You will find him back of the old barn, after his cane.

MRS. C.—What could he have been doing out there with his cane ?

A.—It ran away from him, I believe.

MRS. C.—That cane has bothered him ever since he bought it ; I will help him. (*exit at right, but is stopped by Mrs. A.*)

MRS. A.—You will probably remember, Mrs. Chick, that that door does not lead out doors.

MRS. C.—I beg pardon. (*exit at back*)

A.—She is quite polite for one so young.

MRS. A.—What has her age got to do about it ? I wish you would pattern after her.

A.—My dear, will you please bring me paper and ink, and I will write those folks. (*exit Mrs. A. at left, and soon returns. A. is just seated at table when Sarah enters.*)

SARAH.—Mr. Anderson ! I just heard a loud noise down at the barn !

MRS. A.—What did it sound like ?

S.—I think it was a man's voice ! I'll run down and see ! (*exit*)

A.—I'll bet it was Chick (*hasty exit at back*)

MRS. A.—Oh, if he has fallen in ! (*exit*)

ENTER MARY, *Hat on, and carrying small basket. Been "down to the store."* *Light music.*

MARY.—All gone ! Out picking strawberries, I suppose. I wish they would stay long enough for me to practice a little. (*goes to table*) Who has been writing ? Ah ! just what I supposed. (*reads*) I don't think we can accommodate you.— It is to those actors ; but they shall come, and we will have such nice times. (*writes*) There ! (*puts sheet in envelope, and directs it*) I think mine will reach them before papa's, and I'll post it this minute. (*exit at back, but is stopped by Mrs. A.*)

MRS. A.—Step one side, Mary, Mr. Chick is very sick.

ENTER C, *between Mrs. C. and A., who are assisting him. His clothes are much soiled, and he holds the cane.*

M.—Why, Mr. Chick, what is the matter ?

C.—I fell into it, and I am feeling very bad.

M.—You look as bad as you feel. It is just like all men ; they always fall in with everything they meet !

C.—But I——

MRS. C.—Do not attempt to talk, dear ; it must pain you. I think we had better take him up stairs, Mr. Anderson. (*they exit at left with C.*)

MRS. A.—Such an old fool ! Go and fall into the sink drain barrel. He'll smell of that for a month.

M.—Did he really fall in, mama ?

MRS. A.—Certainly ! He'll be sick all the rest of their stay, and then I suppose he will want us to take off about half for the accident. But what did the grocer say ?

M.—I forgot all about it, and came back to find out what you told me.

MRS. A.—Mary ! I am dismayed at your conduct. Ever since you got this theatrical trash into your head, everything else has gone, and if you don't give it up, we will have a young war !

M.—Oh, mama, I am real sorry ; but just hear me recite that last scene in Romeo and Juliet. It is grand. Such——

MRS. A. (*decisive*)—I'll not hear a word of it ! You go down to the store and tell Mr. Neehighmer that that last barrel of crackers was wormy, and I want him to take them away !

M.—Yes, mama ; but I do love Shakespeare and the theatre. (*exit*)

MRS. A.—I hope I am dead before she marries him. If my prayers are of any avail, the theatres will not last much longer.

ENTER SARAH.

S.—What is the matter with the house?

MRS. A.—What do you mean?

S.—Why, the hall smells very queer ; I thought the chimney might be leaking.

MRS. A.—Oh, no, I think not ; but—

ENTER A. *Does not notice Sarah.*

A.—Just our luck ! Isabel, just as sure as we start on the road to good fortune somebody has to fall in our way. He already says he will sue for damages.

S.—What has happened now ?

MRS. A.—Why, Mr. Chick has fallen into the sink drain barrel.

S.—Oh ! Oh ! (*exit hurriedly*)

A.—Why didn't you tell her not to say a word about it. The whole town will be laughing at us before morning, and we shall lose all our trade.

MRS. A.—Never fear ; he will be all right soon.

ENTER SARAH, *flourishing large bunch of rags, which are smouldering.*

MRS. A.—What are you doing now ?

S.—I don't want to catch the cholera, and I'm not going to, either ; that is, if these rags hold out !

ENTER MRS. C.

MRS. C.—Have you some cast-steel soap and a little borax ? I think Mr. C. had better take a bath. (*S. shakes rags very hard.*)

MRS. A.—Certainly. You wait a moment and I will get them. (*exit*)

A.—Is he any better ?

MRS. C.—I hardly know what to say. He thinks he may feel better after a bath.

A.—I certainly hope so.

S. (*to Mrs. C.*)—I think you had better take these rags, and carry them up stairs. Should you want more, call. (*hands them to Mrs. C.*)

MRS. C.—What are these for ? (*exit A. laughing*)

S.—What for ? Well ! If you want to live much longer, you let them burn, that is all. (*exit at left, but is stopped by entrance of C. S. takes rags and flourishes them around him, and pushes him into the hall*) You must not come in here for a month. (*after him.*)

MRS. C.—I am horrified!

ENTER MRS. A. *at right with large pail and small bundle.*

MRS. A.—I could not find the cast-steel, but here are two gallons of soft soap; I think it will do. (*hands to Mrs. C.*)

MRS. C.—Thank you. You are very kind. (*exit*)

MRS. A.—I wonder how much longer this will last. (*sits down. Knock at back door*) Who has come now? (*opens door*)

ENTER JAMESON and MASON. *J. carries two large valises.*

J.—I suppose you are surprised; but the weather in the city was so very warm that we had to leave.

MAR.—The thermometer went up to 100 in the shade yesterday.

MRS. A.—That was a shade too high. (*J. drops into a chair*) Are you sick, sir?

J.—Only a little “tired.”

ENTER A., *and stumbles over valises.*

MRS. A.—Our new arrivals, Samuel. (*all bow*)

A.—Are you the theatrical people?

J.—We are! and we are very proud of it. We have been in almost every city and town in this country, and expect soon to appear before the crowned heads of—

A.—You must be “well up” in your trade, but we had about made up our minds not to take you.

MAR.—Don’t you like our looks?

MRS. A.—You are both very beautiful, but we are opposed to the theatre.

J.—Don’t mind that. We will—

ENTER SARAH, *flourishing smouldering rags.*

S.—I think I’ll be obliged to do this all day.

A. (*to J. and M.*)—Now that you are here, you may stay; but if you say anything to my daughter about your profession, I shall have sufficient cause to expel you.

MAR.—We will endeavor to obey. (*M. and J. laugh.*)

MRS. A.—Here Sarah; take their baggage, and I will show them to their rooms. (*S. takes satchels, still holding rags, and exit*)

A.—Some more of our good luck. I just told Johnny Emerson that his aunt could come; but where she will sleep is more than I know. (*screams are heard in hallway. J. rushes in with valise.*)

J.—Look out, sir, this bag is on fire!



I Want to be an Actress.

4.4 Complete contracts from firms

Words by F. H. C.

Music by FRED W. HOWES.

A.—How? (*takes him by shoulder*)

J. (*rapid*)—That stupid hired girl held some burning rags near it!

A. (*takes it*)—Pull out the contents, then! (*opens satchel, and scatters contents on floor; then opens window and throws all out.*)

J.—Here! Here! (*attempts to reach articles out window*.)

A.—Do you suppose I want the house on fire! (*pushes J. out window and quickly closes it*) Just our luck! I'll see if he is killed. (*exit*)

ENTER MARY *at left, wholly unconscious of past proceedings.*

M.—Great deal of noise, seems though. But when those theatrical people come we will have a nice time; for (*sings song*)

I WANT TO BE AN ACTRESS.

I want to be an actress,
And with the actresses stand,
Some paint npon my forehead,
A shield within my hand.
There right before the audience,
So charifing and so bright,
I'd cause the greatest commotion,
And always be in sight.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear;
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But simple, pure and boldly
I'd try with all my might,
And by ten thousand thousands
Be praised both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But mama will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone away to live.
But when I speak about it
It almost breaks her heart,
That I should be so naughty,
And try to be so smart.

ENTER MARGARET *during singing of last stanza.*

MAR.—My dear, you shall be an actress.

M.—Who are you?

MAR.—I am an actress from the city.

M.—Are you one of those who were coming?

MAR.—Oh, I am so glad! We will have such nice times. You will tell me all about the theatre, won't you?

MAR.—Certainly. You've got a splendid voice, and you will make an actress some day.

M.—I hope I may; but there is not much chance when you have folks who are all the time scolding about it.

MAR.—We'll remove their prejudice before we go; you may depend upon that.

M.—You'll do a great thing, if you do. What part do you play?

MAR.—They call me a soubrette.

M.—That's the kind I'll be in the first place.

ENTER MR. CHICK. *Walks slowly; quite dejected.*

C.—Have you seen my wife?

M.—No! and we don't care anything about her, either!

C.—It is not right to speak so. But now I think of it; is there a theatre in the place?

M.—No, sir; I wish there was.

C.—I feel as though some kind of enjoyment would do me good.

MAR.—Then you believe in the theatre?

C. (*decisive*)—Most assuredly. It is a form of innocent amusement. But I would like to see my wife.

M.—Can't you sneeze without her?

C.—You cruel little girl. I am quite strong now.

MAR.—I should think you might be almost well, after using two gallons of soft soap.

C.—I never did—

ENTER JAMESON *hurriedly.*

J.—Where is the boss?

M.—Do you allude to my father?

J.—I allude to the man who runs this place. He threw me out of a window. Where is he?

C.—Don't mind such a slight thing as that.

J.—How would you—

MAR.—Now let us drop that subject, Mr. Jameson. This young lady is our landlord's daughter.

J.—She must "take after" her great grandfather, then.

M.—Are you a theatrical man?

J.—Yes. One of the "heavies."

M.—Ah! but you don't look very heavy.

MAR.—She is going to make an actress some day.

C.—Do not let her folks hear you say that.

M.—Oh, say; can't we have a rehearsal? (*to J.*) Do you know Romeo and Juliet?

J.—Perfectly. I have taken the part of Romeo many times.

M.—Well, then, I'll take Juliet, and you two (*to Mar. and C.*) guard the doors.

J.—What part shall we rehearse?

MAR.—The balcony scene in the prologue is the best.

M.—I don't know as I can do that; but we will try.

C.—Where is the balcony?

M.—We will fix that. (*with the assistance of J. she places a chair on the table*) There is the balcony, Mr. Chick.

J. (*aside*)—She will make an actress.

ENTER Mrs. C. *All appear frightened.*

Mrs. C. (*to C.*) My dear, what are you doing hear?

C.—I am here as a "sue on guard;" they are going to have a rehearsal, my dear.

Mrs. C.—That is splendid; but this is no place for you; I am afraid you will catch cold.

M.—Don't take him away, Mrs. Chick; but you stay too, and guard that door. (*points to left*)

Mrs. C.—Well; you hurry and I will. (*takes position at door. C. and Mar. the same at back and right doors*)

J. (*assists M. to chair on table*)—Are you ready? I enter.

M.—Come Romeo! (*see dialogue*)

ENTER Mr. A. *at one door* and Mrs. A. *at another, pushing over Mr. C. and Mar.* Mary jumps from table. *Some confusion.*

A. (*excited*)—What means this?

Mrs. A.—What can it mean?

J.—We were playing "hunt the thimble," sir.

M.—That was all, papa.

Mrs. A.—Did you expect to find it on the table?

A.—I am inclined to think that you all were engaged in some theatrical tirade.

MRS. C.—Supposing we were?

MRS. A.—It is an outrage, that is all! .

MAR.—Now see here! Your daughter has every stamp of a true actress, and you should cultivate this.

A.—Do you mean to insult us?

M.—No, they don't; and they are just as good as they can be.

MRS. A.—You all must leave to-morrow!

J.—We have paid our bills, and shall stay until the specified time (*takes a knife from table*), and if we can give your daughter any ideas in the theatrical line, she shall have it free! (*A. takes a knife, and they fence. All frightened, and exit but M.*)

ENTER PARSON DEEPROOT *at back*.

PAR. (*surprised*)—Ah, my children! what is the matter?

A. (*they stop*)—Oh, nothing, kind sir.

M.—He *was* mad, and just because we were rehearsing.

A.—Yes, and for the theatre!

PAR.—That was bad, very bad. Why, I had rather be in the darkest room in perdition, than in a theatre.

J.—Time will tell. (*exit M. and J.*)

PAR.—You have heard a little concerning your visit. My daughter has got it into her head that there is no place like a theatre. I wish you would talk with her about it.

PAR.—I shall be glad to free her mind of such ruinous ideas.

A.—You will have our blessing if you can. I will call her. (*exit*)

PAR.—It is strange how people will allow the bad to control them.

ENTER MARY.

M.—Do you want to see me?

PAR.—I do. Your father tells me you love the theatre. (*sits down*)

M.—He was correct. (*sits in his lap*) Oh, Romeo!

PAR.—Ah! Did you know that the theatre was one of the doors to hell?

M.—No, sir! and I don't believe the theatre has any more to do with hell than you do.

PAR.—Now let me advise you as to one thing, for you are young yet. Anything that keeps one's mind away from that which is pure and holy, is not healthy for their soul's eternal welfare.

M.—That may be so; but I am sure you can find as much of it in your church as in the theatre. Say, Mr. Deeproot, did you ever go to a theatre?

PAR.—Well—hem—I—I think I did once; many years ago; and I have always been sorry for it. But why did you ask?

M.—You wouldn't look so old and wrinkled if you had some enjoyment once in a while. I believe, and I know that a person can be good and go to the theatre, too. Mr. Deeproot, the managers have to suit the people who do go, and then such folks as you stay away, and find fault because the plays are not "pure and holy."

PAR.—In a measure you are correct ; and you talk like a person fully twice your age. But, my dear child, I am very, very sorry for you.

ENTER SARAH, *cautiously, and notices M. in Parson's lap, exits suddenly, and then notifies others, who "peep in" at window and doors.*

M.—If I should ever appear in a theatre as an actress, would you come and see me ?

PAR.—Well, that depends. Under those circumstances I should be tempted. But I trust that will never happen. I have a little book here (*takes book from his pocket*) which I want you to read. It will certainly do you good. (*hands it to her*)

M.—Thank you ; I shall prize it for the giver's sake.

PAR.—Now promise me—

ENTER A. *M. rises quickly.*

A.—You have had a nice time, I should judge ?

M.—Of course we did ; ministers always have a nice time when they go calling—so they say.

PAR. (*aside to A.*)—You have a very fine daughter. She will give up the theatre now, I am quite sure. (*M. opens book and reads.*)

M. (*aside*)—I guess he made a mistake. This book is a lecture to old men.

A.—I am very thankful if you have influenced her in the right direction. (*they exit arm in arm.*)

ENTER J. *cautiously.*

J.—Are you alone ?

M.—Yes ; but what now ? Another rehearsal ?

J.—No ; but a great plan. I can get you a place in my company, if you want it.

M.—I would like the chance ; but the folks would never let me go. The minister gave me a lecture about it just now.

J.—He is of no account. You listen to the plan. Mr. and Mrs. Chick live in Boston. To-day your folks are going to send a large box to the heathen, and the plan is for you to get into the box ; we will change the label, and in a short time you will be in Mr. Chick's house ; from thence to the theatre, and from there to fame. Mr. Chick and his

wife will go on the same train. All you want to do is to be around when the box is packed.

M.—That will be a jolly joke on the folks. I'll be around. (*exit*)

J.—I'll pay him for his insult!

ENTER A. and PAR. *carrying large box, followed by Mrs. A.* J. *exit.*)

PAR.—Can you fill that?

Mrs. A.—Certainly.

PAR.—How glad the heathen will be. (*Mrs. A. gets books, etc., while others bring all kinds of articles, which are packed by A. and Par.*)

A. (*box full*)—If you will assist me, Mr. Deeproot, we will saw some boards for a cover; forgot that. (*they exit*)

Mrs. A.—I think we are doing our share.

M.—Of course we are. Somebody will jump with joy when it is opened.

Mrs. A.—That makes me think; they will want some nails. (*exit*)

J.—Now is our chance. (*with help of others J. takes out about half contents of box, and Mary jumps in.*)

M.—I will be an actress! (*she is covered up, and Mr. C. bores some holes in box with auger.*)

ENTER A. and PAR. *with boards, followed by Mrs. A. with hammer and nails. Boards are quickly nailed on.*)

ENTER SARAH.

S.—The expressman has called for the box.

A.—It is all ready. (A., PAR. and J. *carry box out.* C. *goes to help, but is pulled back by his wife.*)

Mrs. C.—You will strain yourself.

ENTER MRS. MILLBURY, *carrying large carpet bag. This part can be taken by SARAH.*

Mrs. M.—Is Mrs. Anderson about?

Mrs. A.—I am that person. (*advances*)

Mrs. M.—My nephew, Johnny Emerson, told me that you wanted another boarder. I am feeling quite sick, will you show me to my room?

Mrs. A.—We shall be pleased to accommodate you; this way. (*exit*)

C.—The plan has worked well so far.

Mrs. C.—I had no idea she would be so brave.

MAR.—She will make an actress.

ENTER MRS. A. *from left, and A. from back.*

Mrs. A.—Some one go for the doctor, quick!

A.—What is—^z

MRS. A.—No matter about what ; but go !

A.—The doctor just rode by, I will hail him ! (*exit*)

MRS. A.—That woman is very sick. Just our luck.

C.—Can I be of any help ? I——

ENTER DOCTOR and A. *Doctor can be taken by J.*)

MRS. A.—This way, doctor. (*they exit at left.*)

A.—I wonder if Mary is sick.

MAR.—I hope not, sir. I think it is the new arrival.

A.—Who now ?

ENTER DOCTOR *quickly.*

D.—Got a red flag ?

A.—What for ?

D.—That woman has got the small pox ! (*all horrified.*)

A.—No ! but take this (*takes red shirt from drawer*). Just our luck !

ENTER MRS. A., *crying.*

MRS A. (*to A.*)—Read that. I have just found it in Mary's room. (*hands him a note*) Oh, dear ! Oh !

A. (*reads*)—Papa and mama ; I have gone away to be an actress. Will come home when I have learned how. Mary. (*throws it down.*) Some more of our luck ; but we must find her ! (*Much confusion. D. attempts to hang out flag, etc.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene I. JENNING'S OFFICE. *Have half of stage as office. Door in back centre, where all entrances and exits are made. Table in centre of room, beside which J. is seated, looking over lot of letters. Show bills on walls, and as good representation of a manager's office as possible.*

JEN.—This world is not very enjoyable to us managers. Here is this, that and the other thing to attend to, and all at the same time (*opens a letter and reads*). Dear sir, I have been with all the principal companies in the country, and am a first-class actor in every line. Would like a leading position in— Yes, I suppose he would (*takes up another, and reads*). If you want a rip tarrier, regular thunder breaker for a heavy man, I am the person for you. Have been in all the leading tragedies of the day, but am out of my just now. I think he will stay out for a while (*reads another*). Sir, I think I have unbounded talent for the dramatic profession. Ma says that I am one the few, and all the people in our town are wild over me. Do give me a chance. I think it will be a game of chance with her. The rest are probably of the same sort, and I will not bother reading them now (*ENTER AGENT with Disinfecting Door Mat under his arm. This character can be taken by JAMESON, having become "reduced" from lack of stage work. Mat is supposed to give out some odor*), but I must write that letter to John, or he will cancel the date (*smells Mat, and puts hand to his nose*). What is that I smell? It is horrible. I wonder if that poison killed those rats? (*notices J.*) Who are you? Are you the cause of all this?

J.—I expect, sir, that I am. I wish to show it to you.

JEN.—I know all about it. Don't bother me. (*should keep hold of his nose during all conversation*)

J.—No you don't. You never saw one before. I am the only agent in the world with them, sir.

JEN.—I have smelt them, and that is enough. You are probably the last agent.

J.—They will last a life time, I can assure you. 'The simplest thing

out. You place them at your door, and the odor kills any disease that may be lurking around.

JEN.—How about the occupants of the house? Does it also kill them?

J.—It prolongs their life. Why, the other day I called at a house where a man was dying; I left a Mat, and that man, sir, is alive and well.

JEN.—I suppose you lay it all to the Mat?

J.—Certainly; and those people have ordered six more.

JEN.—What a smelling place that must be. No trouble to find it, I'll warrant. But does the smell last forever?

J.—Only a week at a time.

JEN.—So much in its favor.

J.—But I have here two bottles (*takes two bottles from satchel!*) which are rubbed into the Mat every Sunday morning, and it is kept fresh all the time. It is thought best to carry them in your coat pocket.

JEN.—Why?

J.—So that you will not forget to supply it. I might say that they are composed of equal parts of glycerine, acid phosphate, and a chemical heretofore unknown as a disinfecting agent.

JEN.—But suppose they get broken?

J.—For the extra sum of five dollars I give you a life policy in the Actor's Fund; which, of course, makes it pleasant for the family.

JEN.—Correct; but has a man got to go around holding his nose all the time? The perfume is not pleasant.

J.—Only until you get used to it; but I have some very ingenious nose covers to alleviate that. (*applys them to J's nose. Something to cover end of nose*)

JEN.—That is better. Do all these things go with the Mat?

J.—They do; and I trust you will buy one. I am needy.

JEN.—What is the cost?

J.—Only fourteen dollars, including the policy.

JEN.—You may leave one; it possibly is a good thing. (*J. lays Mat on table, and puts bottles in pockets in tail of his coat*) You call any time next week, and if I am alive, you can collect the bill.

J.—That is very kind of you, sir; but I am owing a little bill, and if you can give me one dollar now, I shall be much relieved.

JEN.—I guess I can, though I am somewhat "pressed" myself.

J.—Thank you sir, and when I call, I hope to find you much improved. Good day. (*exit*)

JEN.—Made a fool of myself once more; but it may do some good. (*spreads Mat before door*) Now I will attend to that letter. (*writes*)

ENTER J. *softly.* *Taps Jen. on shoulder.*

JEN.—What in the name of common sense are you here again for?

J.—Excuse me, but I forgot to state that you must be somewhat careful and not let the liquid spill, as it contains a small proportion of blue vitrol ; but there is no danger if you are careful, and follow directions.

JEN.—Are there any more?

J.—The last completes the list. Good day. (*exit*)

JEN.—I never knew an agent who was a gent. (*resumes writing*)

ENTER MARGARET, *also "reduced."* *Taps Jen. on shoulder.*

JEN.—If you call again, I'll throw you, Mat and all, into the street. My time is valuable, sir !

MAR.—I never was here before.

JEN. (*looks up*)—I beg your pardon.

MAR.—Are you a physician?

JEN.—Why do you ask such a queer question?

MAR.—I though it smelled rather drugy, that is all.

JEN.—I have just invested in a new invention. Take a seat, please.

MAR.—Thanks. I guess you mean that everybody shall know it. But I called to see if I could secure a position in any of your companies.

JEN.—What parts have you taken?

MAR.—I have been in "Lights of London," "Bridge of Sighs," "We, Us & Co.," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Tin Soldier," "Peck's Bad Boy," "Bandit King," "Rag—

JEN.—That will do. What capacity?

MAR.—Leading lady, of course.

JEN.—I have not made up all my companies yet. You call again, and there may be a place.

MAR.—You should hear me give Shakespeare, sir. (*rises and commences before Jen. has time to stop her.*)

To be or not to be ; that is the question,
Said Hamlet in a fit of commiseration.
Whether it is better in the mind to suffer,
Or to sling arrows at one another ;
And if they oppose, end them. To die ; to sleep
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The head ache, and the thousand natural shocks
We actresses are heir to. 'Tis an ending
Devoutly to be wished. To—

JEN. (*jumps up*)—You are correct. Very devoutly I wish you to end. The idea of murdering the sacred bard's best composition in this manner. (*emphasizes by waving hands, and thus, apparently, upsets one of the bottles in his pocket. Rubs his leg.*)

MAR.—Why, sir, what is the matter? Shall I call help?

JEN.—No! No! but—but—I—I—do—do—believe—I'm being—being—being—eaten up!

MAR. (*aside*)—Something terrible must be the matter with him.

JEN.—What shall I do? I—

MAR.—What kind of a pain is it, sir?

JEN.—Oh! Oh! (*rushes around*)

MAR.—I do believe he has a fit. I will call the police. (*exits*)

JEN.—Here! Here! (*rushes out, and encounters J. Much confusion. Change to SCENE II.*)

Scene II. MARY'S HEADQUARTERS IN BOSTON. *Other half of stage as room nicely arranged. Table in centre. M. seated beside table.*

M.—“Nothing succeeds like success.” Why, all Boston is wild over me. My photos command the highest price. I don't know what I shall do; but I have done one thing, I am an actress, and am able to command the highest salary.

ENTER LIZZIE, *Mary's maid. This part can be taken by Sarah. Carries large book.*

M.—What now, Lizzie?

L.—Here is a book that a man left for you. (*hands it to M.*)

M. (*opens book and reads*)—A treatise on love (*exit L.*). Best regards of one who adores you (*throws it on floor*). I would like to see the sender. The idea, that I don't know how to love.

ENTER L. *carrying large band box.*

L.—Another tribute for you. (*M. opens box and takes out very large hat.*)

M.—Ah! but it is much too large for me. You try it on (*places it on L's head, and it “nearly covers her up”*).

L. (*takes it off*)—Don't smother me. Somebody thought you had a big head. (*exit*)

M.—It can be used for something (*notices note inside and reads*). For you, dear Miss Anderson. From one of your male admirers. About as near as a man can guess as to size.

ENTER L., *carrying an oblong basket.*

L.—Look at it, quick ! (*light music*)

M. (*pulls back covering, and discovers the Son, a "make-believe" baby. Much astonished.*)—I do declare ! This beats all ! A very handsome baby, and fast asleep. The dear little thing. But where did you find it ?

L.—It was at our entrance ; so it must be for you.

M.—That cannot be.

L.—But there is a note inside.

M. (*reads note*)—Unto us was born a son, and as we are too poor to bring him up, we give him to you, and please do make a great actor of him. Well ! But I will take care of him, and perhaps do some good. Take the little darling into the boudoir, and give him a bath, and I will order a cradle, and then we will commence "baby farming." But, Lizzie, if anything else comes for me, throw it into the street. (*Exit L.*) If this is going to be the way all the time, the sooner the engagement ends, the better. I suppose new trials have commenced, but one must do all the good they can, even if they are a maiden,—and that makes me think of a song I used to sing. (*Sings song. Music.*)

MAIDEN LIFE'S A BLESSING.

Don't married, maiden's dear, married life's distressing ;
 Partners ne'er your heart will cheer ; maiden life's a blessing.
 Look at those who always wed ; dull and mopish oft they be.
 Were they not to the altar led, quite a different life they'd see.

CHORUS.—Don't get married, maidens dear,
 Married life's distressing.
 Partners ne'er your heart will cheer,
 Maiden life's a blessing.

What makes home a happy place ; not great wealth or treasures,
 But bright features where you trace one's delightful pleasures.
 So, dear girls, take heed, I pray ; if you're asked to choose a mate,
 Take a more convenient day ; do not change your happy state.

CHORUS.

Don't get married, maiden's dear ; but stay long in market.
 You'll get chances every day, and the men remark it.
 When an offer comes along, don't accept it—if you're wise,—
 In the heart his love bird's song, his *true* meaning will disguise.

CHORUS.

ENTER LIZZIE.

Maiden Life's a Blessing.

Air. Complete orchestration furnished.

Words by F. H. C.

Music by FRED W. HOWES.

L.—The soap is all gone, and the little imp is awful, awful dirty.

M.—I will order some—and a cradle too. (*Writes order and hands to L.* *Knock at door.*)

M.—Who can it be? Come in.

ENTER JAMESON. *Rough appearance.* *L. attemptz to stop him.*

M.—What are you doing, Lizzie?

L.—You said, if anything else came for you, to throw it out!

J.—Stop! I'm no tramp!

M. (*Pushes L. one side*)—Now this will never do, Lizzie. You attend to sonnie, and I will take care of this one. (*Exits L.*)

J.—I beg your pardon but I was never treated so roughly.

M.—That is singular, indeed. But what can I do for you?

J.—You are Miss Anderson, I believe.

M.—I am. (*Loud cry is heard from Sonnie.*)

J.—Miss Anderson?

M.—I said yes.

J. (*Cries of S.*)—There is no doubt about your being the Miss Anderson Boston is now adoring, as the matter I wish to speak about is strictly confidential.

M. (*indignant*)—Young man, please explain your business. I am no other. *Frequent cries from S. during all conversation.*

J.—You, doubtless, remember the day you decided to adopt the stage as your profession; and the manner you left your father's roof?

M.—I have a slight recollection of the event.

J.—Do you also remember the person who gave you the advice, and helped you to depart?

M.—I think there was an actor and actress who were very kind to me.

J.—If you will believe me, I am that actor (or was), and as I am having hard luck just now, can you not, for past remembrance's sake, help me to a position?

M.—I am very glad to meet you again, and shall be glad to assist you. Are you still in the profession?

J.—I am most of the time, but since the "Bridge of Sighs Company" stranded I have been obliged to eke out a living in various ways outside of the profession.

M.—I am very sorry. I am thinking of an European tour, and if I come to terms with my manager, shall be able to help you. You call tomorrow, please (*knock at door*). Step into that room (*points to right, and J. exits hurriedly*). Come in.

ENTER JENNINGS. *Tired appearance. Wears covering over nose, not being aware of its presence.*

M.—Ah! I thought you would never come.

JEN.—Well, to tell the truth, I was unavoidably detained (*takes a seat*), and you must pardon me. What is that I hear?

M.—Why, only a darling little son somebody left me. I will show him to you when he is dressed. He is such a dear. But how about the tour?

JEN.—As to the tour, I am a little in doubt.

M.—In doubt!

JEN.—Yes. But only as regards how the English people will receive you. They are very skeptical about new comers.

M.—We will fix them; but how about the terms?

JEN.—If these can be amicably arranged, we will try the experiment. I must ask you to be as liberal as possible.

M.—I have always been to you. You are the best manager I know.

JEN.—I will give you a full thousand a night, and furnish everything.

M.—A thousand! Why, that will not pay my hotel expenses. You cannot be in your right mind.

JEN.—My mind is all right; but I was looking to my purse. I may have been hasty. Say we make it an even two thousand?

M.—Now you just think of the perfect fervor I will create; and a simple two thousand would be no where with those gay English people. Two thousand would surely "come short."

JEN. (*aside*)—I think I will too; but supposing they fail to "catch on," where will I be?

M.—That will never happen. You want to make too much off of me.

JEN.—No; but I want to be safe. If you feel real bad, I will make it an odd three thousand.

M.—Well, now, that is more like it (*jumps into his lap, much to his astonishment*); but be a good man, and do say four thousand.

JEN. (*looks disappointed*)—Well, under the circumstances, I suppose I must say agreed.

M.—I will never forget this (*rises*). But how about my support?

JEN.—Mine feels rather weak.

ENTER JAMESON.

J.—Excuse me for listening; but I just heard the word "support," a—

JEN.—You! You leave this place at once (*rises*). You've nearly ruined me already. (*Attempts to put J. out*.)

M.—Gentlemen ! What does this mean ?

JEN. (*stops*)—He nearly killed me with his fraud of a mat !

J.—No such thing ! and I can prove it by his nose.

M.—I was wondering about that. (*Jen. pulls covering off.*)

JEN. (*indignant*)—I insist upon having nothing to do with him !

M.—He is a personal friend of mine, and you must give him a "place."

JEN.—Oh ! Certainly ! Anything you think best.

J. (*ridicule*)—So very kind of you sir. How can I repay thee ?

M.—We will do our best for you, Mr. Jameson.

J.—Many thanks. (*Exits at left, but not noticed by M.*)

M.—We will give him some juvenile lead.

JEN.—Oh, yes ; he may be useful. (*Loud knock at door.*)

M.—Another friend I suppose. Come in.

The door is pushed part way open, and a very rough person pokes in his head. This part can be taken by Chick.

M.—What do you want ?

C.—Does Miss Anderson live here ?

M.—She does.

C.—Is she around ?

M.—Here.

C.—All right. (*Steps back, and pulls in a cradle for S.*)

M.—Oh ! How handsome.

C.—Don't speak of me in that light. I am sensitive.

M.—I referred, sir, to the cradle.

C.—I begs your pardon ; and may the little darling be an honor to its papa and mama. (*Exit*)

M.—This will be so nice for the dear child. Bring (*calls*) him in !

ENTER LIZZIE, holding J. by one ear.

L.—Here he is, and I am glad you called.

M.—I called for Sonnie ; but how did this one happen in there ?

L.—I will never tell.

J.—Excuse me, but I got the wrong door, and liked the company so well, that I stayed. (*Exit L.*)

JEN.—Very natural for one so young.

J.—Perhaps you mean to infer that you would do the same, though you are so old. (*Exit hurriedly.*)

ENTER L. with S.

L.—Here he is.

M. (*takes him*)—The dear. Just see his new cradle.

L.—Is n't that a beauty.

M.—Is n't he a beauty, Mr. Jennings?

JEN.—You ought to be proud.

M.—We are ; and he will make an actor some day. (*Knock at door.*)

Another cradle, perhaps. Come in.

ENTER J. with MARGARET.

J.—Excuse me for interferring again ; but I met my old friend here, Miss Mason, and she is quite desirous of seeing you.

M.—Not the Miss Mason that I met years ago?

MAR.—The same. (*They embrace.*)

JEN. (*aside*)—Suppose she will want a position.

MAR. (*to M.*)—I am still in the profession ; but out of an engagement just now. Have you any to offer?

M.—I think so. Remember her, Mr. Jennings.

JEN. (*Mar. and Jen. surprised*)—She must not take any Shakespearean parts.

M.—Why?

JEN.—I don't think her figure is perfect enough.

M.—We will not enter into particulars now. Have (*to Mar.*) you seen the baby? (*Goes to cradle*)

MAR.—Oh, no ! Such a dear ! I do so love babies !

JEN.—We will start for London in about a month, and I want you all to be on hand.

M.—Don't you fear about us. When we return we will bring a goodly number of English pounds.

JEN. (*rubs his leg*)—Oh ! Oh !

J.—What is the matter?

JEN.—You ask ! You—are—the—cause ! (*They tussle.*)

MAR.—He's got that fit again !

M.—Police ! Police !

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.



Scene I.—PETTICOAT LANE, LONDON. *Ordinary street set. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson's first visit to London; they having lost their way.*

A.—I am utterly confused. Everything is turned round ; and then to think that I should leave our guide book at the House. Why, every step we take may lead us into the lair of an assassin, or the clutches of a *gen d'arme*.

MRS. A.—Never fear, Samuel ; you know we have had good luck so far, and I enjoy some excitement.

A.—You are just like all the rest of the women ; the excitement is all right as long as you are thinking about it. If we never get home, don't blame me. You would come this way.

MRS. A.—I should think you was a little child, instead of an overgrown man.

A.—Just our luck to have something happen ; but (*looks out*) here comes an old man ; perhaps he can tell us where we are.

MRS. A. (*frightened*)—An old man? Oh! (*starts off*)

A. (*stops her*)—I told you so. They say that the most harmless people in London are the old men ; and you are frightened at the first one we meet. Here he comes.

ENTER PARSON DEEPROOT. *Somewhat disguised.*

PAR.—Good morning, good people.

A.—The same to you, sir. Are you a resident of this section?

PAR.—Do I look like it?

MRS. A.—I do not think you look much better than the surroundings.

PAR.—My friends, this locality is Petticoat Lane, and—

MRS. A.—I suppose, then, that all those beautiful English petticoats come from this place? Do show us the factory.

PAR.—I know of no such industry here. This locality is really the centre of the Jewish population of London, and as I am a minister, I

have a higher motive than investigating their industries.

MRS. A.—Excuse me ; but can you guide us to the Lyceum theatre?

A.—Here is a guinea if you will get us out of this place.

PAR.—Who do you wish to see at the theatre?

MRS. A.—Our daughter ; and we are proud to remark it. (*Par. much surprised.*)

A.—No joking. It is the truth, and nothing but the truth.

PAR.—Are you, then, of Sacramento, and the parents of this illustrious artist?

MRS. A.—If you have any pity for us, please show us to the theatre.

PAR.—I shall be pleased to do so. Do you remember the Reverend Mr. Deeproot?

MRS. A.—We shall never forget him ; good old soul. He was persecuted by some of our members, and left us very suddenly.

A.—What do you know about him?

PAR.—Seeing you believe in his innocence, I will make known my identity. You are in the presence of your former spiritual adviser.

A. (*they shake*)—We are overjoyed to meet you ; but how changed you—

MRS. A.—We knew you would “turn up” sometime ; though we never supposed—

A.—Allow me to speak now. Time and care have told on you.

PAR.—I think likely ; though not so much as that scandal. Do not, I beseech you, mention it hereabouts. We must now hasten to the Lyceum (*They all exit. Change to SCENE II.*).

Scene II.—MARY'S HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON. *Sitting room neatly (if possible very luxurious) arranged.*

ENTER LIZZIE with SONNIE, and places him in cradle.

L.—Don't you wake for one week. That child is more bother than all the rest of my work. I never would have hired out to Miss Anderson if I had known this was to be a part of my work (*knock at door. L. starts to exit.*). I will see who it is. Come in.

ENTER CHARLIE GLADSTUN. *Very polite and precise. Note. As it is about impossible to correctly represent in print the English dialect, this part and that of BRADLAW'S should be given with special care as to the dropping of the letter h, and use of u, which in most cases is short.*

CH.—Miss Anderson, I presume? (*L. bows.*)

L.—You will please state your business, sir.

CH.—You will pardon my calling at this hour, but I was quite desirous of meeting in private the person who is creating such a fervor in this city.

L.—It is very thoughtful and kind of you.

CH.—I always try to be kind to such popular people as yourself; but perhaps you would like to know more about myself. I am the only son of my father, who is really at the head of this nation in greatness, and is great man.

L.—That is nice. What kind of grates does he make?

CH.—What do you mean?

L.—You said your father was a grate man, and if manufactures a new kind, perhaps we might buy one.

CH.—It is just like you Americans to be all the time joking. The real reason, however, that I called was to invite you to a drive with the Queen and myself.

L.—I shall be delighted to go; and may I bring baby (*takes up S.*)?

CH.—That yours? Another (*aside*) joke I suppose.

L.—Isn't he a darling?

CH.—Ah! Certainly; and looks just like you.

L.—You must be "googled eyed;" though I suppose you noblemen are not wanting in anything.

CH.—I suppose we are above the common herd. I am very, very sorry, Miss Anderson, but I must leave you now. I will call at five o'clock (*exits bowing low*).

L.—I call this good luck. I'll have a ride with Her Royal Highness, and, if possible, get married to that fellow, and live in style all the rest of my life (*knock at door*). Probably he has forgotten something. Come.

ENTER JOHN BRADLAW. *Very stylish.*

B.—Miss Anderson, I trust (*L. bows*)? Allow me to remark that I consider it a great favor to be in your presence.

L.—Why so? I'm nothing more than human.

B.—Whenever a person comes into our midst who can show us such great dramatic genius as you possess, we English people call it extraordinary.

L.—Why do you think that?

B.—Because "It's English, you know."

L.—I do know that London is the queerest place I ever visited.

B.—You will change your mind when you become acquainted with some of her young men.

L.—Are you a good specimen?

B.—I am proud to be called such, and especially so by you. My father holds an important place in this nation, and our family is tinged with Royal blood.

L.—They must look funny.

B.—Why?

L.—I was wondering whether this Royal blood was different from the usual kind.

B.—You are certainly quite an adept at joking ; but allow me to speak of another subject which is nearer my heart.

L.—What do you mean, sir?

B.—Why, that mysterious and spontaneous feeling which we have for one another, and which we call love.

L.—You completely upset me.

B.—I have had as many as twenty ladies tell me the same thing ; but, do say, is there the least 'ope for me?

L.—What do you want of soap?

B.—I said 'ope, 'ope ; and may I have it (*falls on his knees, and holds out his hands, beseechinglly*) ?

L.—Certainly (*places S. on his arms and suddenly exits*)

ENTER MARY.

M. (*throws down bundles*)—Here sir ! What are you doing with my child?

B.—I—I was only—asking her a question, and—

M.—You were trying to kidnap my child, you wretch !

B.—Do you call me that? It is an insult to our family !

M.—Leave this room at once, sir !

B.—Who are you?

M.—That does not matter ! Will you go?

B.—To avoid confusion I will ; but you will hear from me again (*exit*).

M.—Since coming here I have had more exploits than you could “shake a stick at ;” but this one is the worst. Come home and find a man holding that darling child.

ENTER LIZZIE.

L.—Why ! You here ! Has he gone?

M.—Has who gone ?

L.—My lover.

M.—Your lover ? I found a man in the act of kidnapping Sonnie.

L.—It was only a joke. He thought you was at home, and tried to make love to me. He got on his knees and held out his hands as if he wanted something, and for fun I gave him the darling.

M.—Not so bad as I thought.

L.—There was one other ; and he was real nice.

M.—Did he love ?

L.—Oh, yes ; but the best of all, he invited me to a ride with the Queen.

M.—I should say you are having all the fun. You must be careful, however ; these Englishmen are very shy.

L.—Would you care if I married him ?

M.—That depends. If he is of a “high family” you had better secure him.

L.—He said his name was Charlie Gladstun.

M.—You very, very lucky.

L.—Does he amount to much ?

M.—You do your best ; that is all.

L.—I think I am in a fair way of becoming a Gladstun.

M.—I am glad for you (*knock at door*). Come in.

ENTER BRADLAW. *Excited.*

B. (*to L.*)—Miss Anderson, I want an explanation of the insult you heaped upon me. This lady (*to M.*) called me a “wretch,” and other hard words, because I accidentally held that child. I want satisfaction.

M.—You shall have it. Come Lizzie (*L. and M. “put him out.” Confusion. Change to SCENE III.*).

Scene III. GREEN ROOM, LYCEUM THEATRE. *Trunks, portions of scenery, etc., etc., “standing around.”*

ENTER PAR., *slyly.*

PAR.—Not a soul around. I guess we are early (*beckons off*).

ENTER MR. and MRS. A.

A.—What kind of a room did you call this ?

PAR.—The green room.

MRS. A.—Why did they name it after such a color ? Don’t look very green.

PAR.—Far from that. This room is the one in which all novices are allowed to practice, and they have correctly named it a green room. As we are early, I propose that we give your daughter a pleasant surprise.

A.—Guess she will think it pretty green of us ; but—

MRS. A.—Now, Samuel, you are too old to attempt joking, and you fail every time. Listen to his plan.

PAR.—I propose that we hide behind some of these articles, and when a good chance offers "pop out."

A.—That is grand, and will work nicely if we don't get "popped" before we "pop out."

MRS. A.—Now Samuel, you'll—

ENTER BRADLAW. *Par., A. and Mrs. A. dodge behind scenery.*

B.—I wonder if the manager is about? I'll pay her for insulting me.

ENTER JENNINGS *from right, which is supposed to be the entrance and exit to ideal stage. Does not notice B.*

JEN.—If there ever was a curse, it is the habit of intemperance, and especially so to our profession. There is Jack, the best in his line, and I have just learned that he is on a "tantrum." That means he cannot appear this week, and my great plan is "dished."

B.—Say, sir, I would be pleased to take Jack's place.

JEN.—Who are you?

B.—It would take about six months to give you a concise history of our family.

JEN.—Are you an actor?

B.—That depends how you construe the term; though I think I have enough of the "wherewithall" to do anything you desire.

JEN.—That's encouraging. Can you croak?

B.—That depends upon where you put me.

JEN.—Well; I have a great plan, and I think it will make a hit. We are to put on Macbeth in an original manner, and the plan is to have a large frog that is a good "sounder" in the combats scene. His croaking will be a great incentive to Macbeth and Macduff.

B.—Very original, surely; and I shall be pleased to essay the frog.

JEN.—Young man, if you do it to perfection, I promise you rich rewards. This way and prepare for rehearsals.

B. (*aside*)—If this frog business don't entirely upset Miss Anderson, I'm no kind of a frog (*they exit at right*).

A., Par. and Mrs. A. come from hiding places.

PAR.—The idea! A frog as an incentive in a combat. If I was Macduff that frog would get all the hitting.

MRS. A.—He ought to have one of our Sacramento frogs; they are incentive enough for anybody.

A.—Those who live in the Block, or that family down—

MRS. A.—You know less every day.

Those Splendid Englishmen.

Air. Complete instrumentation furnished.

Words by F. H. C.

Music by FRED W. HOWES.

ENTER MARY and MARGARET, *who carries* *Sonnie*.

MAR. (*aside*)—Lizzie is a nice girl. Accepts an invitation to a ride, and then asks me to take care of this youngster (*exit*).

M.—This is the last rehearsal I shall attend. My great success has made me about sick. One thing is sure, I shall ask for another four thousand, and get it, too. But these young Englishmen are so nice that I hope we will stay here a long time. Now is a good chance to rehearse my new song, as I am alone (*sings*).

THOSE SPLENDID ENGLISHMEN.

Now you've not an idea how nice they are.
Why, they are ahead of ours', by far.
They are not tall ; but so nice and sweet,
And so very polite on the street,
Are those splendid Englishmen.

SPOKEN.—Yes, their whole bearing is simply wonderful. They are very fond of strangers, foreigners especially. If you are in any way *distinguished*, look out. But their talk is the most “striking” of all; for

Everything is 'orrid and 'eavy with them.
Their thoughts are as bright as a gem.
They always have money to treat their friends ;
For this practice they never make amends,—
Do these splendid Englishmen.

SPOKEN.—For what England lacks in hospitality, her gentlemen make up in generosity. But there is one thing you will always notice; it is their peculiar style of walking; for

It's more of a stride than a decent walk,—
About which all nations loudly talk.
Let me advise—if to England you go—
Don't come home walking horridly—so—(*imitates*)
As those splendid Englishmen.

ENTER STAGE CARPENTER. *Should be old and bent. This part can be taken by Chick.*

C.—I was told to inform all to dress for the first act. I am “setting” the scene now.

M.—Don't you worry about me (*exits*).

C.—Little worrying I do (*takes piece of scenery, behind which is Mrs. A. Much confusion*). Oh ! Oh ! Where did you all fall from?

ENTER M., MAR., and JEN.

MRS. A. (*to C.*)—You ought to be strangled (*recognizes M.*). My daughter ! My daughter !

M.—Mother!

A.—My daughter! My daughter!

PAR.—My children! My children!

JEN.—When will wonders ever cease?

M.—You should cease your wondering at this. It is the English style of family greeting.

JEN.—Ah! I think it would make a hit.

M.—Allow me to introduce you to my parents, and an old friend, Rev. Mr. Deeproot.

JEN.—I am delighted to meet them. I'll (*aside*) bet she will want me to give all of them a job (*exit*).

M.—Why, I almost forgot you, Margaret. Our old friend, Miss Mason. You have not forgotten her?

A.—One of those who helped you to escape?

M.—Do you mean the time you sent me to the heathen?

PAR.—Were they glad to see you?

MAR.—You probably understand why I was "so cruel" to you years ago.

MRS. A.—Never mind now; we have changed our minds about theatres since then.

A.—Yes, and our only trouble now is to find change enough to attend them.

MRS. A.—Sam—

M.—You must see the baby. Please bring him, Margaret (*exit Mar.*). I am trying to do some good, and have taken a dear little child, whose parents were very poor.

PAR.—There is a saying that "whoever cares for others shall himself prosper."

A.—That's the reason of your success, Mary. Ministers always strike the "key note."

ENTER MAR. *with S.*

M.—Can you blame me?

MRS. A. (*takes S.*)—Blame you? We adore you for this kindness.

A.—Let me see him (*suddenly takes S.*).

PAR.—It is wonderful how some men do love children.

ENTER JENNINGS.

JEN.—Confound it! Another breakdown; and this time Salmoski has broken his arm. What I am going to do for a Macduff is more than I know.

M.—I have a plan that will relieve you. Mr. Deeproot is a fine actor, for I have heard him give Macduff's part many times, with just the right enthusiasm.

JEN.—Is she correct, sir?

PAR.—I have been, and am now, a devout student of Shakespeare, and have made Macduff my favorite.

M.—My plan is for him to take the part.

PAR.—The idea.

JEN.—Will you undertake it to help us out?

PAR.—I will do anything to help Miss Anderson.

JEN.—Your kindness shall be rewarded.

MRS. A.—I will engage a box.

A.—The baby and I will take another.

M.—As the boxes are very expensive, you will like a "wing" much better.

A.—Any place will do, if we can only see him.

JEN.—You had both better dress (*exit M. and Par.*).

ENTER CHARLIE GLADSTUN.

CH.—Here!

JEN.—What do you want?

CH.—I want to see Miss Anderson.

JEN.—She is engaged, and will see no one.

CH.—Will you inform me, then, where I can find a minister?

JEN.—What do want of him?

CH.—Well; you see Miss Anderson's maid "played upon my affections" to such a degree that she caused me to believe that she was Miss Anderson, and I, like a fool, have married her.

JEN.—In love affairs, young man, you should "look before you leap." There is a minister here, if you are very urgent (*exits to call Par.*)

CH. (*falls on his knees before A.*)—Oh, sir; if you can help me, do so, I adjure you.

A.—Get off you knees, you puppy! I am no minister! *Ch. rises.*

ENTER PAR., *partially dressed.*

PAR.—Young man, how about the honeymoon?

CH.—There is a terrible mistake. I guess all the honey is in the moon. Will you please procure some kind of divorce?

PAR.—That will be impossible. If we were in the United States, I might succeed; but the divorce laws in England are very strict.

CH.—I will "take passage" at once.

ENTER LIZZIE.

L.—Why, Charlie dear, I thought I had lost you !

A.—Sarah ! Sarah !

MRS. A.—Our dear Sarah ! How happened you here ?

L.—Why, I am overjoyed at meeting you. I have been with Mary a long time. Allow me to introduce you to my husband, Mr. Gladstun. Come Charlie (*all bow*). How to you like the baby ?

CH. (*aside*)—What ! I wish I could fly !

MRS. A.—He is charming.

A.—Just a perfect cherub.

Enter members of company dressed for their parts, who are called by boy. Here introduce specialties.

ENTER STAGE CARPENTER.

C.—They want a baby ; let me take him (*takes S., and is followed by L., Mrs. A. and A.*).

ENTER CALL Boy.

Boy.—Where is Macduff ? (*exits, and soon returns with Par. all ready, and leads him to stage*).

ENTER Mrs. A.

MRS. A.—Come ! Come ! All of you ! The frog has eaten the baby ! *All exit to stage.*

ENTER JEN., “running” BRADLAW *off stage*.

JEN. (*returns*)—No more frog for me.

ENTER MACBETH and MACDUFF *fencing*. *They exit fencing.*

JEN. (*follows*)—That’s enough, and blest be he who first cries enough !

ENTER COMPANY. *Some excitement.*

C.—Miss Anderson you remember your old friend, Chick ?

M.—Certainly I do.

C.—I am the same. The child you now have was mine. When my wife died she wished that I would give it to you.

M.—So I have been caring for a little Chick all this time ?

C.—Yes ; and for years to come if you like.

M.—Just as you say.

ENTER L. *with S., followed by A. and Mrs. A.*

L.—He is all right.

A.—Only bruised his nose.

M. (*takes him*)—I am so glad.

ENTER JEN. and MACDUFF *carrying MACBETH on a stretcher.*

PAR.—Miss Anderson.

M.—I am here (*all gather around*).

PAR.—I may not be long among the living ; but let my last words be—
I believe in the theatre.

M.—He is only stage struck.

TABLEAU.

SLOW CURTAIN.



NOTES.

Suggestions as to Characters, Costumes, etc.

In first act MARY should be dressed young (about 17 years), and in second and third acts, about 25 years. Very effecting.

MR. A.—Middle age. Coarse, every-day costume in first act. "Best" suit in second and third acts.

MRS. A.—Middle age. Quite orderly. Neat costume throughout.

SARAH.—Age 20 years. Heavy voice. Very ordinary costume in first act, with much improvement in second and third.

MRS. CHICK.—Age 30 years. Very nice. "Tall and thin."

MR. C.—Age 40 years. An "hen-pecked husband." Weak voice; light hair and whiskers; quite fleshy. As STAGE CARPENTER, quite old and bent.

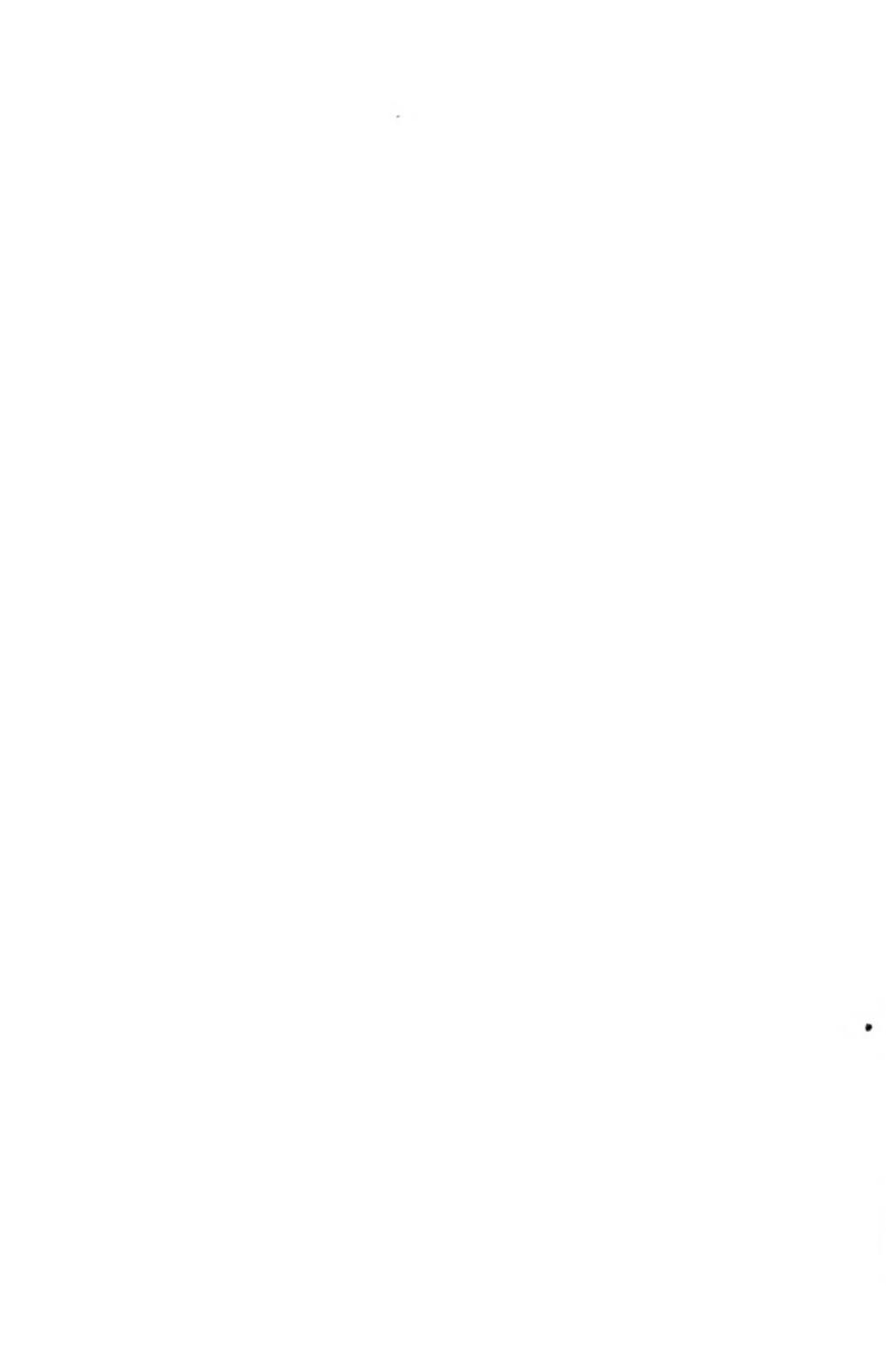
JAMESON.—Age 30 years. Evidently "hard up" throughout. As AGENT and DOCTOR, "one of the finest."

GLADSTON and BRADLAW. Two English "scarecrows." Young and quite tall, with the broadest "twang."

MARGARET MASON.—Age 20 years. Very shy, but cautious. Very quick.

PARSON DEEPROOT.—Age 60 years. An ideal minister. White necktie, long black coat, etc. Always carries a cane.

JENNINGS.—Age 45 years. White hair and whiskers. Troubled appearance throughout.





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